

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Miscellaneous.

From the London Advertiser
CATHERINE OF WURTENBERG,
SECOND WIFE OF JEROME BONAPARTE.

At the commencement of the present century, the ancient palace of Stuttgart was the peaceful and happy abode of the royal family of Wurttemberg, whose position, although high enough to secure for them the homage and respect which is due to the princely houses of Europe, and yet seemed not lofty enough to expose them to the political dangers so often entailed on the more elevated and ambitious potentates of Christendom. The great social revolution, however, which had shaken continental Europe to its very foundations, came to disturb that tranquil happiness of the Wurttemberg family. Napoleon the Great, now seated firmly on the imperial throne of France, resolved that a crown should also encircle each of his brothers' brows. The throne of Holland had been bestowed upon Louis Bonaparte; Joseph was the King of Spain; and a new kingdom—that of Westphalia—was about to be formed for Jerome. There was, however, one serious obstacle in this latter arrangement: Jerome had, in defiance of his brother's wishes, wedded himself to an American lady, who had recently presented him with a son. Napoleon was seriously displeased at this union, and refused to acknowledge its validity. Jerome, warmly attached to his wife, came over to Europe and, throwing himself at the Emperor's feet, begged his pardon, and earnestly entreated him to receive his spouse as a member of the imperial family. This request was made at an untoward moment, for Jerome's interview with his brother took place at Milan, in 1803, just after he had snatched the iron crown of the ancient kings of Lombardy, bearing this proud, yet beautiful device:—*"Qui la die, que la force."*

It was at this proud moment of his life that Jerome asked him to receive a plebian sister from republican America! The request was indignantly refused. Jerome shed tears of passionate affection as he embraced his wife's portrait, and swore never to give her up for any paltry consideration of earthly greatness. He, however, lacked the firmness and resolution by which the Bonaparte family were so eminently characterized; and when the temptation of a kingdom, with its power and its pomp, was held out to his dazzling eyes, he gradually became less vehement in his denials, and finally yielded to the will of his imperious brother. His wife was abandoned, his son disowned, and Jerome stood alone, weak and guilty man, ready to sacrifice his honor, affection, and duty upon the altar of earthly ambition.

And, now, who is to be his partner upon the newly erected throne of Westphalia?

Napoleon turned his glance towards Wurttemberg, which had recently been raised to the dignity of a kingdom, and whose sovereign was now no longer than a satellite of imperial France. The princess royal had completed her twentieth year. Fair in person, and amiable in disposition, this youthful princess possessed nevertheless far more beauty than her royal parent, and she resolutely expressed her aversion to the proposed alliance, regarding Napoleon as the direct foe of her native Germany; while, at the same time, she felt her native dignity deeply offended at the thought of being exposed to a man who, in her estimation, was already married to another. Vain, however, were all her remonstrances. She was compelled to bow beneath the iron will of Napoleon the Great, with whom her father was at this time allied, and, before many months had elapsed, she had herself yielded, by proxy, to Jerome, King of Westphalia, and had entered the confined realm as the acknowledged sister of the imperial ruler. She was obliged, in compliance with royal etiquette, to part on the frontier with all her German attendants, and to advance alone in a foreign country, surrounded indeed by a brilliant retinue, but with no familiar face to meet her cold and stern fate—on a sweet sound of home voices to brook the bitter feelings of her heart.—With the characteristic frankness of her disposition, however, she gathered up all her courage to meet the trying circumstance of her lot, and seemed resolved that no telltale glance should betray the hidden conflict of her heart.

It was on the 20th of August, 1807, that, at an early hour of the day, she found herself almost in sight of Paris; but, it being Napoleon's pleasure that she should not enter his capital until evening, she was conducted by his order to Rosay—a charming country residence, once the abode of royal, but now the possession of Jerome, Due d'Abrantes, whose wife was commanded to receive the princess with all the honor due to her elevated rank. The Duehess received her *à demi-tête* de cœur on the grand portière of the chateau, and conducted her to her own apartments, where a repast of the most costly description was prepared for her refreshment. She curiously inquired, on Madame d'Abrantes, what was the name of the royal birds entering the apartment, and in a style of old fashioned magnificence, but which was ill-fitting the court of Talleyrand, in 1807. The material was a bluish moire—at that time quite out of fashion—exactly resembling a bear's tail; the sleeves very narrow, and very full, looking as if her arms had been squared in them; and then the sleeves pointed, as if they had been made some centuries ago. Around her neck hung two rows of pearls, from which was suspended a miniature of Jerome, so closely set that it swayed about each movement of the wearer. In spite of this antiquated splendor, the appearance of the princess was pleasing and attractive. She is described to us as "of a fair and fresh complexion, her beauty full glowing and blue eyes harmonizing well with the graceful and dignified turn of her head; and she adorned the apartment with as much princely self-possession as if she had been attired under the direction of the imperial *couturier* and modiste—persons of such importance as to be remembered even now, under the names of Charbonnier and Leroy."

Her dinner was announced, Catherine's agitation became so evident to her hostess, that the latter ventured to inquire whether sight had occurred to distract her royal highness. Catherine, in reply expressed her wish to be informed a few moments before Jerome's arrival, so that she might be prepared to meet him. This was promised, and while the princess thanked Madame d'Abrantes for her kind readiness to oblige her, "the burning blushes on her cheek revealed no pleasing emotion but the passionate pale of an indignant woman's heart."

"The dinner," Madame d'Abrantes writes, "was dull, and even mournful. The princess was restless and agitated."

"We quitted table at half past six, and, feeling anxious to satisfy the princess's wishes, I went to inquire whether there was any symptom of Jerome's approach. Just at this moment a cloud of dust became visible on the road from Paris, and several carriages were seen to enter the popular avenue. I hastened to inform the princess that in a few minutes the prince would make his appearance. With a faint attempt to smile, she thanked me for my kind news; but her appearance really alarmed me, for in a moment her white countenance became as deep purple hue, as though it were tinged with the cold blanched color of death. She seemed, however, to summon all her resolution, and rising from her seat, advanced with one of her bold steps to the grand saloon, to await the prince's arrival."

The princess seated herself near the chimney, having her side an arm-chair, intended for Jerome. The door of the music saloon opened, and Jerome entered, followed by the officer of his household, who remained in the outer chamber.

With the prince advanced alone, into the saloon where Catherine awaited him. She rose up, advanced a step or two towards him, and saluted him with much grace and dignity. At the salute, his countenance was that of a boy, who looked as if he had been obliged to go that fatherland to which she was so tenderly attached. They took refuge in the Papal States, where they lived for many years, under the name of the Duke and Duchess of Montijo. They chose a country habitation named Casino Asolino, near the river Treviso, which forms a link between the Roman and Neapolitan States. There born, however, they could not escape the humiliations which were at this time the portion of the Bonaparte family. They were prohibited by the King of Naples from entering his dominions, and so rigidly was his command enforced, that the Countess Cambray, a niece of Jerome's, having ventured one day, in a girl's frock, across the Plains of Treviso, for the sake of enjoying a ride in the Neapolitan territories, she narrowly escaped being seized by the Neapolitan soldiers who were placed there to guard the ridge. The young and ardent Jerome was exceedingly indignant at this constraint of liberty."

"Napoleon's niece," exclaimed she, dwelling emphatically upon this word—*"Napoleon's niece is not made to be forced to walk dictated to her; she is in the cause of her哥哥!"*

The Duke and Duchess of Montijo had all the difficulty in the world to calm her anger, and to prove to her the necessity of submission to the ungracious restriction imposed by the King of Naples. As for Catherine of Wurttemberg, she pursued the even tenor of her way, until death closed the earthly portion of her existence. We know not what were her father's feelings, on hearing that she died in the land of her exile. But whatever they were, the memory of Catherine of Wurttemberg is still fresh in many hearts; and, although she did not live to witness the results of the hope she prepared in her letter, her children have been given to enjoy the blessings of restoration to their memory, and also share in those imperial honours which have once again become the portion of Napoleon's family. Perhaps we need scarcely add, the Prince Napoleon and Princess Mettille are the sole descendants of this noble minded woman. No higher honor could be sought for or desired than to be the children of such a mother.

As a token of grief, her bosom has recently been paid to the memory of Catherine of Wurttemberg. The heart of the ex queen, enclosed in the urn, has been deposited in the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon at the Hospital of Invalides.

From the National Era.

TRINITAS.

At morn I prayed—"I fain would see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Read the dark riddle unto me."

I wandered forth; the sun and air
I saw bestowed with equal care
On good and evil, foul and fair.

No partial favor dropped the rain;
Alas! the righteous and profane
Rejoiced above their heading grain.

And my heart murmured:—"Is it meet
That blindfold Nature thus should treat
With equal hand the tares and wheat?"

A presence melted through my mood,
A warmth, a light, a sense of good,
Like sunshine through a winter wood.

I saw that presence, mailed complete
In her white innocence, pause to greet
A fallen sister of the street.

" Beware!" I said, "In this I see
No gain to her, but loss to me."
Who touches pitch, defiled must be."

I passed the haunts of shame and sin.
And a voice whispered: "Who therein
Shall these lost souls to Heaven's peace win?

"Who there shall hope and strength dispense,
And lift the ladder up from them.
Whose rounds are prayrs of penitence?"

I said: "No higher life they know;
These earth-worms love to have it so.
Who stoops to raise them, sinks as low."

That night with painful care I read
What Hippo's saint and Calvin said—
The living seeking to the dead!

In vain I learned in wary quest
Old pages, where, (God give them rest!)
The poor credulity dreamt and gossed.

And still I prayed: "Lord let me see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
Read the dark riddle unto me."

Then something whispered: "Dost thou pray
For what thou hast?" This very day,
The Holy Three have crossed thy way.

"Did not the gifts of sun and air
To good and ill alike, declare
The all-con-passionate Father's care?

"In the white soul that stooped to raise
The lost one from her evil ways,
Those saw'nt the Christ, whom angels praised.

"A bodiless Divinity,
The still small Voice that speaks to thee
Was the Holy Spirit's mystery!

"Oh, blind of sight, of faith how small!
Father and Son and Holy Call—
This day thou hast denied them all!

"Revealed in love and sacrifice,
The Holiest passed before thine eyes,
One and the same, in threefold guise.

"The equal Father in rain and sun,
His Christ in the good to evil done,
His Voice in thy soul—and the Three are
One!"

I shut my grave Aquinas fast,
The monkish gloss of age past,
The schoolmaster's creed said I cast.

And my heart answered: "Lord, I see
How Three are One, and One is Three;
The riddle hath been read to me!"

J. G. W.

TAX GOOD OLD TIMES.—There is, to us, more

touching pathos, heart-shrilling expression, more

feeling displayed, in some of the plain scenes,

than in a whole batch of modernisms.

The drama goes home, and the "Humanity of the great

day" is broken up—the great deep of unfathomable feeling that lies far, far below the surface of the world—our hearts, and as the antecedent

and underlying yield to their influence and shake of the head of earthly care, rising purified and spiritualized into a pure atmosphere. Strange, inexplicable somnambulism broods over the earth, like the fair dream of paradise, "engaging their sheathes mainly with the mosaics of a still, undrawn, mysterious character." How many glad hearts in the old times have rejoiced in these images of power—how many sighed over their own weakness—in these scenes that stand aside, yet never leave the ear—hearts that, now cold in death, are laid to rest around that sacred name, within whose walls they had so often revelled with content.

THE WEALTH OF ILLINOIS.—The returns of

County Ass. to the Auditor of State, omitting

several counties not yet received, foot up as follows:

Total value of real and personal property in

1857 \$407,427,367

1856 \$33,350,280

Increases in two years \$74,227,127

which is an increase of 22 per cent. The actual

aggregate increase in the State during the period named is probably nearer one hundred

millions, the Assessors' estimate being al-

most considerably below the real value of the prop-

erty.

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men, and get up a club among your neigh-

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Address S. D. HARRIS,

Editor and Publisher, Columbus, O.

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UNARMED ATTRACTION.

EMERSON'S MAGAZINE AND Putnam's Monthly.

The Union of EMERSON'S MAGAZINE and PUTNAM'S MONTHLY has given to the general publication in the country, and has secured by a combination of literary and artistic talents, a monthly periodical, during the first month, will be sold at \$1000 copies, and the numbers already bound in consolidated work are universally known to have surpassed, in the richness of their literary contents and the beauty and profusion of their pictorial illustrations, any magazine issued from the American press. Enclosed in these evidences of favor, the publishers have determined to commence the new volume in January, with still additional attractions, and to offer no inducements to subscribers who cannot fail to place it, in circulation, at the head of American Magazines. With this view they now announce a following splendid programme. They have planned that superb and costly steel-plate engraving.

THE LAST SUPPER.

and will present a copy of it to every three daily subscriber for the year 1858. It was engraved at a cost of over \$6000, by the late celebrated A. J. Dick, from the original of Raphael Morgia, the engraving being executed in this country, being three times the size of the ordinary three-line engravings.

The first impressions of this engraving are sold at \$10, and it was the intention of the artist to have none of the engravings sold ever to be offered at a less sum than \$5, being richly worth the amount. Thus every three daily subscriber will receive the Magazine one year, cheap at \$1000, by the use of this splendid engraving, richly worth \$1000.

We shall commence striking off the engraving immediately, yet it can hardly be expected to receive impressions of so large a plate to be made as fast as they will be called for by subscribers. It shall, therefore, furnish them in the order and subscriptions are received. Those who desire to obtain their engraving early, and from the engraver, should send in their order, and the engraving will be made as fast as possible.

THE LAST SUPPER.

In addition to the superb engraving of "The Last Supper," which will be presented to every three daily subscriber for 1858, the publishers have completed arrangements for the distribution of the "United States Constitution, Examined." No. 1. The United States Constitution, Examined. No. 2. White Slavery in the United States. No. 3. Colonization. By Rev. O. B. Frothingham. No. 4. Does Slavery Christianize the Negro? By Rev. F. W. Higginson. No. 5. The Inter-State Slave Trade. By John G. Palfrey. No. 6. The "House of James." By Richard Hildreth.

No. 7. Revolution the only Remedy for Slavery. By S. To Motors in the Free States. By Mrs. E. L. Follen.

No. 9. Influence of Slavery upon the White Population. By a Lady.

No. 10. Slavery and the North. By C. C. Burleigh.

No. 11. Disclosing our Wisdom and our Duty. By Rev. Charles H. Bridges.

No. 12. Anti-Slavery Hymns and Songs. By Rev. M. E. Kolton.

No. 13. The Two Husbands; or, Two Pictures in One. By Mrs. Harriet B. Stowe.

No. 14. "How can I Help to Abolish Slavery?" or, Counsel to the Newly-converted. By Maria W. Chapman.

No. 15. What have we, as Individuals, to do with Slavery? By Susan C. Calvert.

No. 16. The American Slave Trade, and its Policy of Suppression and Silence.

Brown wrote his celebrated poem of the "Bride of Aydos" in one night, and without mending his pen. This pen is yet preserved in the British Museum.

John Elliott translated the entire Bible into the Indian language, and wrote the whole of it with one single pen. It was an old one when I began, and it is not worn out now that I am finished.